

HARPER'S BAZAR.

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SHORT-SACQUE WALKING SUIT.—[SEE PAGE 258.]

[Cut Paper Pattern of this entire Suit, to fit any Figure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents and Bust Measure.]

SHORT-SACQUE WALKING SUIT.

See illustration on first page.

THIS pretty suit comprises the short sacque of the style most in vogue this season, with an adjusted back and loose sacque fronts, and which will be found very useful to wear over linen blouse-waists in the heats of summer. The under-skirt is made of black silk, and the over-skirt and sacque of black cashmere, trimmed with folds of the material and lace.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS pattern comprises three articles, viz.: half-fitting sacque, Watteau over-skirt, and six-gored walking skirt.

HALF-FITTING SACQUE.—This pattern consists of five pieces—front, side piece, back, collar, and flowing sleeve. The garment is cut with loose sacque fronts; the back is fitted by a seam in the middle and side forms, and is cut with extra fullness at the side back seam below the waist line, where it is laid in a box-pleat an inch wide, turned on the outer side, and finished with an ornament. The fronts are cut pointed in the neck, and finished with a Marie Antoinette collar. The garment is made to fit tight in the back by a belt, which is sewed on the under side to the seams in the back, the sides, and under the arms, and fastened in front with hooks and eyes. The sacque is trimmed round the edge with lace two inches wide, headed by a bias fold an inch and a quarter wide with a narrow fold on both edges.

Quantity of material, a yard and a quarter wide, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

Extra for trimming, 1 yard.

Lace, 5 yards.

Baste up, and try on wrong side out before sewing the seams. All the seams are allowed—an outlet of an inch being given for the seams under the arms and on the shoulders, and a quarter of an inch for all the other seams. Only half the pattern is given.

WATTEAU OVER-SKIRT.—This pattern is in three pieces, and has an apron front, two side gores, and full back breadth. The sides of the apron front are cut with an extra length, which is laid in six two-inch pleats, turning upward. The notches at the sides of the apron front show where to lay the pleats. The fronts are sewed plain on the belt. One deep box-pleat, five inches wide, simulating a Watteau fold, is laid in the centre of the back breadth, and the extra fullness is laid in side pleats turning toward the front. Put the pattern together by the notches. Only half the pattern is given.

Quantity of material, a yard and a quarter wide, 3 yards.

Extra for trimming, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

Lace, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

SIX-GORED WALKING SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—front, two side gores, and two back pieces. The back breadth is laid in a double box-pleat in the middle, and the extra fullness of the gores is laid in side pleats, turning toward the front.

Quantity of material, a yard and a quarter wide, 7 yards.

Extra for trimming, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

To take the bust measure, pass a tape measure entirely around the body, under the arms, over the largest part of the shoulders, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest. Nine sizes are furnished, ranging, in even numbers, from 30 to 46 inches.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1871.

Our next Supplement Number will contain an extra-sized Pattern Sheet, with numerous full-sized patterns and illustrations of Ladies' and Children's Spring and Summer Sacques, Talmas, Jackets, Basquines, Mantelets, Water-proof Cloaks, etc.; Ladies' and Misses' Spring and Summer Suits; Infants' Robes, Fancy Articles, etc., etc.

Cut Paper Patterns of the Short-Sacque Walking Suit, on our first page, are now ready, and will be sent, prepaid by the Publishers, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents each. For the complete list of Cut Paper Patterns published, see Advertisement on page 271 of this Number.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of a Ramble.

MY DEAR CYRUS,—Walking the other morning in the Central Park, I met Retrorsus, and joined him in his stroll through the Ramble. He was pensive, yet talkative, and seemed to be very glad to find a companion before whom he could think aloud; for his conversation seemed to be chiefly loud thinking, to which, indeed, a companion was only necessary as a sounding-board or a mountain-side, to send back an echo. And if you will allow me at this point to make the first excursion, or excursion: do you not often remark among our fellow-travelers that this is often the chief service which they require of each other in conversation? A man turns to his neighbor and, under the forms of colloquial intercourse, begins at once to soliloquize, evidently regarding an independent response as impertinent. Indeed, at a great dinner I have sometimes seen the philosopher Historicus, who had been passing all the morning studying a new book, perhaps of science or of moral speculation, turn upon the innocent Miss Bleat at his side and

proceed, in the guise of conversation with her, to say to himself all that he thought of the book. "You remember, Miss Bleat," he says to her, "that Descartes says, cogito, ergo sum; but I am persuaded that we should rather say, sum, ergo cogito. And Leibnitz distinctly affirms—" and so on until poor little Miss Bleat loses her appetite, and feels prickly with heat and vexatious consciousness of her ridiculous situation.

It is because so much apparent conversation is merely soliloquy that good listening is always so agreeable to us. Indeed, if you will show me a good listener, I will show you one who is usually considered very fascinating. By good listening, of course, I do not mean mere silence, but intelligent and appreciative attention. In my younger days there was no one more familiarly known and generally liked than James Early, of whom you may have heard. He was handsome, well dressed, and quiet; but he was not clever, nor cultivated, nor of superior character. Born into the habit of what is called good society, he improved all the advantages it offered to secure all its characteristic prizes. If he went to a dinner where the wise men were present, he listened in deferential silence to all their dreary and conceited platitudes, as if they had been profound inspirations. And I have heard the Honorable Jabesh Windbag himself, when that gentleman was the most illustrious statesman in the country, after a dinner at which James Early had respectfully listened to him with evident admiration for more than three hours, declare that that young gentleman was one of the most promising young men in America.

Even the most intelligent women were charmed with him, and Minerva herself owned that he was certainly very attractive. Yet I had often watched him when he was with her, and I saw that he did nothing but listen eloquently. Often, after a prolonged soliloquy of her own, at which Early had been present, she has remarked to me that he was one of the most agreeable men she had ever known. I saw him in a famous drawing-room in another city, and he sat the whole evening with one of the loveliest belles. She was neither intelligent nor talkative, but she was conscious of beauty and of a superb toilette, and he seemed to be conscious of nobody in the world but her. He did not speak, but his deferential silence appeared to be confident expectation of something worth hearing from her lips; or it was the most subtly flattering suggestion that the spoken wisdom of others was less than the sweet chance of her speaking. She told me afterward that Mr. Early was the most fascinating person in conversation that she had ever met. And so said all the young women with whom he danced, and all the old ladies against the wall, to whom he brought terrapin and Champagne. His conversation, they said, was truly delightful. They meant that he did not interrupt their soliloquies.

This is a long excursion, but it illustrates the reason that Retrorsus always praises my conversational powers. When he has been sitting with me all the evening, pouring out his profuse speculations upon public affairs, showing to me how hopelessly we are ruined, and demonstrating in the most learned and elaborate manner that civilization is an illusion, and that barbarism is surely overwhelming us, as the sand of the desert fatally encroaches upon the ancient Egyptian temples and buries them out of sight—while I have sat ruminating and dreamily listening, he jumps up suddenly at midnight, and says, pleasantly, "My dear Mr. Bachelor, I beg your pardon, but you have been so agreeable and instructive that I quite forgot the time," and so bows himself out. In the Ramble at the Park it was the same. We loitered in the warm spring sunshine, and I listened to the singing of the birds and the hum of the city, and watched the glittering green of the willows, and all the swelling, budding richness of the trees, while he talked on, and thought me the most eloquent of companions.

Indeed, I heard enough of what he said to perceive that he was lamenting, as so many of us secretly do, the departure of youth, and I smiled to think how the old song is forever renewed. For I remember long ago in the Tyrol, one of those glorious mornings which stand in memory, as on some divine day Mont Blanc stands supreme and glorified among the Alps, when I was swinging along the mountain-road with Hilary, who was twenty years older than I. I shouted and sang until the air rang with jocund echoes. It seems to me that the remembrance of that morning will keep me always young. But, in the midst of my triumph of life and youth, Hilary suddenly said, with a half-vexed air, "Bachelor, I hope that you don't think you enjoy this more than I, merely because you are a little younger!" Aha! old mole! He had worked so far, then. Hilary felt as if he had been driven out of Paradise because he had ceased to be young, and he looked at me over the wall, and vowed that it was not much of a shower, after all! At that time Retrorsus was as much younger than I as Hilary was older; and now, after this long lapse of time, I heard Retrorsus lamenting, in the same strain, that the dark days were come because he had ceased to be young.

But, my dear Cyrus, when does a man cease

to be young? I know the most venerable fellows of thirty and thirty-five, and I know young statesmen of seventy; and if I were to give a party of young men, my first summons should be to a certain poet of seventy-five. My school-mate Gnurly would never be older than he was at fifteen if he should live to a hundred years. Do you think that Colonel Newcome was old when he was a white-headed man, or that Barnes was ever young? "The dark days have come," I heard Retrorsus say in the Ramble, with the glorious sky full of sunshine over him and all about him, and the air musical with birds. "The dark fiddle-sticks," ejaculated I, and my companion turned to me in amazement; while I felt that, by breaking silence, I had risked the reputation of my conversational powers. "The Golden Age lies far behind us," continued Retrorsus, eying me severely. But I smiled blandly, and I suppose my face was suffused with skepticism; for he said, as if I had vehemently contradicted him, "Do you mean to say that the Golden Age doesn't lie far behind us?"

"Since you ask me," said I, "I answer that I think there is no such intolerable folly as to suppose it." And I beamed at him so that he looked at me with astonishment. I suppose that he did not wish to be interrupted, for he made no reply, but went on with his lamentations, ending with, "The days that are no more."

But, my dear Cyrus, this disposition, which it is so easy to cultivate, what is it but the forgetfulness that we all see our own door-yards, but not our neighbor's? You may read the oldest expressions of human thought, and the newest book, and you will find that in each today is the dark day. Other times were noble and pure; other men were lofty and disinterested. Our parents lived in Paradise; and when they came out, ah! even then there were giants in those days. But we have fallen upon evil times and upon dwarfs. Principle, patriotism, a fine and sensitive morality—these we have left far behind us; they were stations that were long passed when we took the train. I was reading only yesterday in the newspaper a chapter of reminiscences which went back only thirty years, and which lamented that statesmanship and eloquence had perished in the land. The author was kind enough to mention names, and to quote specimens of the lost art of eloquence. But the name was a nobody, and the eloquence was stuff. Your son would not declaim it at school to-day. And the worthy writer thought and said that he was treating of the better times, of the palmy days, of the Golden Age. And then I opened the "Life of John Adams," and there I found him, living in what we believe was the very purest period of our history, lamenting the ignorance, the passion, the sordid meanness of the age, and appealing to the other and distant and better day. To John Adams his own day was as dark as ours ever was or ever can be to us.

And what makes it poetic and fair to us? Because John Adams and his friends did not put their regrets into rhyme, but their convictions and courage into deeds. And just as the Golden Age is here, and now, if we will only make it golden, so is it with youth. I asked you when a man ceases to be young; and now I think, my dear Cyrus, we can answer that it is not when his hair grows gray, but when his heart becomes dry and cold. If that is at twenty, he is old. If it is not at eighty, he is still young. And so also the man who is born old never sees the Golden Age, because he never believes in generous motives and unselfish action. I have seen a boy of twelve put his fingers to his nose at the tale of a beggar at the corner, and a man of sixty, with moist eyes, emptying his purse into the beggar's hand. That boy, I fear, was born into the Brazen Age. That man will die, as he has lived, in the Golden. Out of the heart, my boy, are the issues of life. That is one of the great and glorious texts, upon which the lives of all about us are the sermons. Retrorsus, in the Ramble, thinks that youth is going, not because he was forty upon his last birthday, but because he is conscious that his faith is becoming chilled, his enjoyment of nature less keen and exquisite, his delight and confidence in simple integrity less profound. That alone, my dear Cyrus, is to grow old; that alone is the ending of the Golden Age, and the return of Astraea to heaven. I hope, my dear boy, that this spring, which completes your half-century, finds you as truly young as ever.

Your friend,
AN OLD BACHELOR.

SEPARATION.

By GAIL HAMILTON.

ONE is often tempted to echo that modest remark of a certain wise man—it would have a far more learned look if I could give the name of the wise man, but I can not at this instant recall it—that, "if he had been present at the creation of the world, he should have been able to give its Maker a few suggestions." There are a few things, in fact a good many things, which one would like to have altered, and which might apparently just as well have been made different in the beginning. And yet, on the whole, there is a wonderful adapta-

tion in things as they are. To make much improvement, you must change so many cases that, before you know it, you will find you have projected a new world.

Sometimes one is tempted to think that, if the family could not be somehow constituted to hold together, we might as well not have had mankind set in families. The father and mother make their little home. The children laugh and cry, and work and play; they have mumps and measles, and "teething" and scarlatina; they have little tiffs with each other; they are bumped and bruised; they knock out their teeth, and set their clothes on fire, and come home at irregular intervals, with a black eye or a broken arm. So, under constant watching, with many retrogressions and a thousand hair-breadth escapes, they wind along the tortuous path of right living, and presently the oldest child has arrived at the comparative maturity of—let us say thirteen years. He takes an interest in raw but real science—if it is very raw—in mechanics, in politics. The amount of information he has acquired on all subjects is astonishing. He has penetrated machine-shops, mounted locomotives, trotted after soldiers, made love to sailors, and few things in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, have escaped his observation. Now, at thirteen, he begins to consolidate, and you would say his father and mother might have some good of him. Not that they have not had good of him before, prattling, bumping, and bruising through his infancy and early boyhood; but it was a comfort largely compounded with care. It was a delight in bounding health and beauty, and grace and promise, always underlaid with a fearful consciousness that, when the beauty and grace was not snugly tucked up in bed, it might be sliding down the third-story baluster, or bestriding the ridge-pole of the barn, at the imminent risk of its beautiful and graceful neck. Only now, when baluster and ridge-pole have lost their irresistible first charm, and top and kite and ball are not paramount objects of interest—now, when the circus and concert and play begin to loom up, and the far-off sun of manhood reddens the eastern sky—now they can really enjoy him without misgiving. Do they? Not in the least. As soon as he ceases to be an hourly care he must go off to school! When he was of no use to any body his parents took him wholly upon themselves; but as soon as he begins to be of the smallest account they have to give him up to the public. No organized tyranny demands him, but just as surely and authoritatively society stretches out its hand and clutches him. His new shirt, his fresh jackets, and spotless handkerchiefs are put into his box, and out he goes into the great world for ever and ever. True, he will come back for the vacation, with half his handkerchiefs lost, his jackets out at elbows, and his every-day boots serenely packed a-top his pile of shirts; and for several years he will oscillate between home and school; but home for life he will never come again. Home, the eternal resting-place—home, his absorbing and exclusive world, has ceased to be. His childish, instinctive, savage love his parents had; but as soon as he is capable of an intelligent, manly affection, he goes straightway and falls in love with a stranger! It is a consolation to reflect that he is then at the same point whence his father and mother started, and will travel the same round, and see precisely how good it is.

The wonder is that it is pretty good, after all. Dreadful as it may be for parents to give up their child, it would be still more dreadful not to give him up. It is next to impossible for the grown children of a family to stay at home honorably. Life may so adjust itself that this is the best possible arrangement; but usually the sons who have energy, enterprise, character, push out into the world. What good has the mother in her empty house, with one son in China, and one in California, and one in Chicago, and one on the high seas? The foolish mother thinks she has vast treasure still, and conceives immediately a deep and abiding interest in all those places. Instead of dismissing her son from her thought, she takes into her heart at once all the ends of the earth and all the paths of the sea. Not a newspaper scrap from China or California escapes her eye. The scope of her mind has become enlarged through the scope of her affection, and her son's good name in Cathay makes her as proud and happy as if she heard his praise resounding under her own roof-tree.

It is frequent parting that softens the asperity and sweetens the bitterness and mitigates the fierceness of association. Human nature is so sharp and strong and self-willed, that it is a great trial for human beings to live together. The substantial traits of character may be harmonious; but little tastes, slight individualities, opposing tempers, will clash; and even Christian forbearance, generous yielding, kindly courtesy, need the occasional help of absence to keep life permanently sweet. Absence is the great idealizer, and wistful, perhaps, the most truthful painter. Your stout, healthy, noisy boy, who teased his sisters, and tossed his pillows, and broke furniture, and tried even his mother's patience, has gone away; and in his silent room you only think how bright and

frank and fearless he is—how generous, alert, and eager. The friend and companion whose impatience irritated you, whose indecision annoyed you, whose impromptitude exasperated you, has crossed the seas, and you remember only how truthful he was, how loyal, how devoted, how unselfish.

It is parting, indeed, that plows great furrows in the heart, but it keeps the soil mellow and open, receptive and fertile. Made as we are, we should grow, without it, too hard, exacting, unresponsive, unforgiving. With the pain of partings always near, with the shadow of one parting never far, it is easy to repress the hasty word, to discern the sunny side, to veil the weakness with charity, and nourish the strength with love. The heart grows soft and tender and considerate, self fades and selfishness dies, and the whole being goes out in eager desire to succor and bless its beloved.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

THE SHORT-SACQUE SUIT.

THE short-sacque suit illustrated on our first page presents the new idea for making paletots. The loose slashed sacque or paletot of last season is still worn, but its popularity is waning before a preference for garments with basque backs. The new design has a loose front and an easy yet close-fitting back, slashed to the belt in the centre to allow room for the tournure. A belt under the basque fastens beneath the front, and holds the back in place. The Marie Antoinette collar and flowing sleeves of this jacket are exceedingly pretty for summer wear. The suit, copied from a model at Lord & Taylor's, has the sacque and over-skirt of cashmere, trimmed with folds and guipure lace, and a silk under-skirt ornamented by three folds and a broad kilt pleating. This suit may be made of summer poplin, goat's-hair, or any soft woolen stuff, over a silk skirt of the same color, or the entire garment may be of the same material. The simple style of this costume renders it also appropriate for mourning, and for the same reason it is adopted for piqué, linens, satin, jean, and other wash goods, as it may be easily done up.

The over-skirt of this suit, called the Watteau skirt, has a short, graceful apron, with the wrinkled front now considered stylish. To keep this apron in place a tape is fastened to the second side seams, and tied behind under the skirt. The widths back of the apron are not draped, but hang straight, with a broad Watteau fold, or pleat, in the centre, and many smaller ones on each side. A seam down the centre of the broad fold would not look well; therefore a full width must be placed in the centre, with narrower gored widths on the side.

EASTER SUITS.

A late opening at a large and tasteful furnishing house displayed many beautiful costumes, prepared for Easter-Sunday and the gay days that follow the penitential season of Lent. Rich silks of pale, delicate tints, light summer silks, goat's-hair poplins, wool serges, pongees, piqués, colored linens, and batiste costumes, were the stylish fabrics made up in the most graceful manner. Tight-fitting garments, such as postilion-basques and polonaises—minus a loose wrap—prevailed. The present fashion displays fine figures most advantageously. Waists are made slightly longer, and always show the natural curve of the figure above the hips. Shoulder seams are short and high, falling in with the line of the shoulders. All sleeves, whether coat or flowing, are shaped at the top like a man's coat-sleeve, and set smoothly in the ample armhole, without any fullness but that which comes of holding the sleeve next the sewer. Three or four bows up the front of the basque are used quite as much as buttons.

Handsome among the Easter costumes is a gros grain of bluish-green, made elaborate with black lace. The garniture on the lower skirt is broad box-pleats at wide intervals, with a bow and shell-like curves of lace between. The apron-front bouffant over-skirt has crescent-shaped pieces and lace for trimming. The basque—a novelty—has no pleats behind, but a folded point, like a hood, is continued from the back, to fall over broad smooth pieces formed by elongating the side bodies. The suit is marked \$285. Another, of turtle-dove gray, is similarly made, and trimmed with black lace. A third, gros grain, fit array for a bride, is a soft French gray, trimmed with ruffles of the same, and fringe to match, making a tasteful monotone costume: price \$200.

DINNER DRESSES.

A dinner or reception dress, worthy of description, is of turquoise blue gros grain, with demitrain. Two bias ruffles six inches deep, the lower one in box-pleats, the upper gathered and lapping over the lower, headed by a bias band and three narrow, standing ruffles, trim the lower skirt. The upper skirt, like that shown in the Worth Basque Suit (illustrated in *Bazar* No. 1, Vol. IV.), has a single ruffle, headed by two erect frills on the back of the skirt, while a netted fringe takes the place of the lower ruffle on the apron. The basque, without pleats behind, has a ruffle and fringe around the edge. The neck is square, and the front represents a vest almost covered by a jabot of Valenciennes lace. Flowing sleeves, with a ruffle and lace. Price \$275. A dress made in the same way is of pale écarle silk, trimmed with broad black velvet ribbon and point duchesse lace. The first dress described, or a similar one, of fisherman's green, or of light plum-color, is the fashionable reception dress for blondes. Écarle buff silks, or the faint China pink, or else the

pinkish-salmon apricot-color, are the choice of brunettes.

SUMMER SILKS, GOAT'S-HAIR, AND ALPACAS.

The summer silks most popular are narrow stripes of black on white, trimmed with many gathered ruffles of the same, edged with black lace, or else a tiny fold of solid-colored silk, either black, brown, or violet, placed above the hem of the ruffle, this hem being turned up on the right side. Solid-colored vests are also seen on these, and embroidery is used as a trimming. One of the most stylish silk suits yet seen is black stripes on white, with the polonaise bordered by black and white fringe, headed by a band of black silk "tamboured" with white. The skirt has five narrow lapping ruffles piped with black. The gypsy bonnet is fine Belgian straw, trimmed with black Frou Frou gauze, a black ostrich tip, and tea-roses. Large oval ear-rings of Etruscan gold, in Moorish designs. Linen and Valenciennes collar, with India silk neck-tie of tea-rose color. White silk parasol, with black lace cover and ivory handle. Écarle kid gloves with three buttons.

The goat's-hair fabrics are light yet strong, do not fray as they formerly did, are soft enough to fall into graceful drapery, have a beautiful lustre, and cost but sixty or seventy-five cents a yard. They are made usually in polonaise suits, or in the postilion-basque costume, with burnous drapery, illustrated in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV., and trimmed with folds of the same, piped with silk of a darker shade. Gray goat's-hair, silvery and fresh-looking, and the fashionable Frou Frou or cameo colors of two shades of buff and brown, make pretty and inexpensive suits, to be donned when warmer days arrive. Soft wool serges, as fine almost as foulards, but in the broad twill, which is now preferred to fine diagonal lines, is used for traveling dresses. An effort is being made to introduce round talmas, or elbow capes with Watteau folds behind, to wear over the polonaises of shopping and traveling suits. A few have already appeared, but these capes require to be perfectly fitted on the shoulders, and gracefully rounded below, or they will have a prim, Quakerish air, or else, on the contrary, will look very dowdy. The prettiest talma yet seen is placed over a polonaise as part of a traveling suit for a bride. It is of pin-head checked silk, black and gray, trimmed with fringe and a ruche. A broad box-pleat or Watteau fold is in the back.

Black alpacas, like black silks, are always in fashion, and the best of these are the improved buffalo alpaca, now made of the purest jet black, and the kindred fabrics introduced since this alpaca became favorably known. There are the beaver mohair, as lustrous as silk; the lustrous sable Turkish brilliantine; and lastly, the new otter alpaca, which is admirably adapted for the costumes of the present season, and of which lower priced qualities are sold than of the other brands.

PIQUÉ SUITS.

Corded or repped piqué, like gros grain, is still in favor for suits. The short-sacque suit represented on our first page is the most stylish model for these. Loose slashed sacques are still worn in linen and piqué, but the sacque with postilion back is preferred by ladies ordering new suits. Linen laces of Irish manufacture, in the familiar Cluny patterns, and kilt pleatings of lawn, edged with patent Valenciennes, are popular trimmings for piqué. Neither the lace nor the "kilting" is new, but they were abundantly used on the Princess Louise's trousseau, and thus are revived. The lace is associated with black or even maroon velvet; the pleating is ironed flatly, and headed by an inch-wide bias band of piqué. Slightly gathered frills of Hamburg or needle-worked edgings are, however, the handsomest trimmings for these white suits. Three rows of kilting, or three embroidered frills, are at intervals around the lower skirt, and one row on the jacket and upper skirt of suits. \$35 to \$45 is the price.

LINEN SUITS.

Suits of thick undressed linen without gloss, and looking when bought as they will look after being washed at home, are shown for serviceable summer wear. They are made precisely in the way described for piqué, and are trimmed with kilt pleating, the pleats scant and separate—not lapping as they formerly did—and headed by bias bands (not folds) stitched at intervals on the skirt. A tiny line of scarlet or brown worsted braid, or the merest fold of colored cambric, stitched in on each side of these bands, gives them a less sombre appearance. Unbleached Cluny laces and insertions, and flax linen fringes, are also used on linen suits. If the lace and fringe are merely colored to match the linen, they are almost sure to fade, but the unbleached linen trimmings do not become paler.

Readers at a distance, who can not examine the ready-made suits at our furnishing houses, declare trimming with bias bands of linen, piqué, or other wash goods, impracticable. Now a fashion-writer is nothing if not practical in the styles she quotes, and we assure our correspondents that there is no difficulty in making or ironing these bands, provided they are cut perfectly bias, laid absolutely smooth on the goods to which they are sewed, and stitched carefully near each edge by machine with well adjusted tension—neither too tight nor too loose.

The fancy for close-fitting garments has introduced linen and white Victoria lawn suits, made with postilion-basques, like our illustration in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV. It remains to be seen whether these will be as popular as the cooler and more negligee garments with loose sacque fronts. Such suits are worn in the house as well as street.

BATISTE SUITS.

A few imported suits of batiste are shown, and a small quantity of the material is found.

This is the real batiste, genuine flax in its original state, forming unbleached brown linen lawn, and not the spurious fabric mixed with silk, and hitherto called batiste. It is 85 cents a yard; and suits of the darkest brown shade, trimmed with ruffles, edged with Cluny, cost \$60.

GRENADE COSTUMES.

There is nothing new exhibited in grenadine suits. They should be made over silk skirts, but those who can not afford silk use alpaca, or farmer's satin, and sometimes soft, thick cambric that has not gloss enough to betray it. The thick silk over which the basque is made is the proper lining. But few persons now use drilling lining with thin silk covering next the grenadine. Indeed, silk linings for corsages are gaining favor, and are not considered extravagant, as they wear well, set smoothly to the figure, and are far pleasanter to wear than linen or twilled cotton. Many ruffles merely hemmed, with a fold of gros grain laid in the hem, or else edged with lace, are the fashionable trimmings. The designs are all comprised in the walking suits illustrated in the present volume of the *Bazar*.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & Co.; and PEAKE, OPDYCKE, & Co.

PERSONAL.

THAT favorite contributor to the HARPER publications, Colonel THORPE, speaks of General BELKNAP as one of the representative young men who have assumed such prominent places under the administration of General GRANT. He was one of SHERMAN's working generals, and, with great ability to conceive, he was a very whirlwind in execution. His face is very fine, and bears with singular force his well-known character of firmness, always modified with judgment.

The president of the first agricultural society ever formed was a Mr. HOPE. This society was called The Improvers of Agriculture, and was organized at Edinburgh on the 8th of June, 1723. Many of the nobility and gentry were among its members, and it was a success from the start.

Mr. GREELEY, referring to the small sums paid to writers twenty years ago, says, "I remember seeing LONGFELLOW's grand 'Endymion' received in manuscript at the office of a popular and successful weekly, which paid fifteen dollars for it; a hundred such would now be taken quickly at one hundred and fifty dollars each, and the purchasers would look anxiously about them for more."

In the estimation of the *Westminster Review*, no American woman has evinced in prose or poetry any thing like the genius of ALICE CARY.

CHARLES JAMES FOX was probably the youngest man ever elected to the British Parliament, having been chosen for Midhurst when only nineteen years and four months old. At seventeen he was on intimate terms with EDMUND BURKE, who was nineteen years his senior. By the time he was twenty-four he had lost \$700,000 by gambling. Yet GIBSON says of him, "Perhaps no human being was ever more perfectly exempt from the taint of malevolence, vanity, or falsehood."

Among the boys who have passed the first examination of Cambridge University, England, is W. J. CRAFT. He is the son of WILLIAM and ELLEN CRAFT, now in Georgia—a State from which they escaped as fugitive slaves years ago. They ran to Boston, were married by THEODORE PARKER, who kept them some days in his study, he writing his sermon outside the door, with the musket his great-grandfather had used at Lexington by his side, ready to be used (probably with butt end) on the slave hunters prowling around his house.

One of the notabilities of New Orleans is the Rev. ALEXANDER FAIR, of Christ Church, who is totally deaf, yet preaches constantly and converses fluently, understanding all that is said by the motion of the lips. He returns prompt and pertinent answers to every question, and it is said that unless the fact of his deafness were mentioned, it would never be known.

Mrs. ANNIE BREED, late of Norwich, Connecticut, after making many private bequests, set apart \$20,000 as a fund for the support of deserving and impecunious widows.

The members of the English High Commission are all educated men and bred to public life, with one exception—Sir JOHN MACDONALD, who, not a university man, is probably the best linguist of the lot, and a man of remarkable attainments. Recently, in a closing night of the Canadian Parliament, a number of members tried their skill in a tournament of abuse in different languages. English, French, German, Italian, Latin, and Greek were flung at one another with a facility that seemed to astonish the American who relates the incident. Sir JOHN is said to have borne more than an equal share in the contest, and carried off the honors by swearing a little in Sanscrit, apostrophizing his antagonist in Russian, and winding up by anathemas in the choicest Hebrew.

Last summer we announced in the *Bazar* that Mr. THEODORE B. PRYOR, a son of General ROGER A. PRYOR, now of this city, had taken the first honors of his class at Princeton College, and had taken also, at the same time, the Mathematical Fellowship, the income of which is a support for a young man of economical habits. The *Evening Post* tells us that Mr. PRYOR determined, after graduating, that he would pursue his studies at the University of Cambridge, England. He entered that university during the last year, and has just been awarded a scholarship, the highest honor open to him after so short a connection with the university. This fact proves two things: first, the wisdom of Dr. McCOSH's plan of endowing fellowships in our American colleges, enabling young men to continue their studies; and secondly, that our colleges have reached a position which enables their students to compete successfully with the best students of foreign universities.

The recent boat-race between Oxford and Cambridge calls to mind that Bishop SELWYN, of Lichfield, was one of the three bishops who rowed in the first Oxford and Cambridge race, the other two being Dr. TYRRELL, Bishop of Newcastle (Australia), and Dr. WORDSWORTH,

Bishop of St. Andrews. The Cambridge boat, in which Bishops SELWYN and TYRRELL formed part of the crew, was beaten by the Oxford, in which Bishop WORDSWORTH rowed.

Mr. WILLIAM H. HURLBUT, of the *World*, who did San Domingo for that journal with characteristic pluck and fairness, says of FREDERICK DOUGLASS: "Widely as I differ from Mr. DOUGLASS on almost all public questions, and decided as is my preference for the Caucasian over the African race, in most of my personal relations, it is impossible to see so much as I have seen of him without cordially recognizing not his abilities only, but the estimable, amiable, and manly strain of his whole nature."

WALT WHITMAN, in the estimation of the eminent British bard, SWINBURNE, is the second poet at present enjoying existence, VICTOR HUGO being the first.

As soon as General SHERIDAN lands upon his native heath, he will probably take General SHERMAN's place during the absence of the latter on a tour of inspection. Afterward he will most likely assume command of the Military Division of the East, with headquarters in this city. It is no more than fair that, after having had seven or eight months of good time with the potentates of the effete monarchies of Europe, he should be compelled to rough it on such virtual and other entertainment as may be obtainable in this propinquity.

Scarcely a Number of the *Bazar* is published, among the "Personals" of which mention is not made of notable instances of benevolence. For this week we have to announce that Mr. HUDSON E. BRIDGE, of St. Louis, has given \$15,000 to Washington University in that city, for the polytechnic building, \$15,000 for furniture and apparatus, \$100,000 for the endowment of the chancellorship and for a scientific library. Within six weeks the endowments and gifts to the university have amounted to \$210,000.

Another liberal benefaction has been made by EDWIN F. BATCHELDER, of Mansfield, Massachusetts, who has willed all his property—\$60,000—to the American Bible Society.

Two years ago Congress appropriated \$30,000 for an equestrian statue of General WINFIELD SCOTT, the model of which has just been completed by HENRY K. BROWNE, at his works in Newburgh. A committee of Congress has been up to take a peep at it, and have come away satisfied.

Notwithstanding the fact that the great life insurance interests of the United States are mainly concentrated in this city, it is equally true that the largest insurances on single lives are made in other places, as for instance: Mr. W. N. SWITZER, of St. Louis, has his life insured to the amount of \$300,000. Mr. W. H. LANGLEY, of the same city, has life policies to the same amount. Mr. J. YOUNG SCAMMON, of Chicago, has \$270,000 on his life. Mr. L. WHITTAKER, of Chicago, has \$200,000. Mr. W. M. TWEED, of this city, \$85,000. Mr. JOSEPH BURNETT, of Boston, \$75,000. There are few insurances in New York, on a single life, amounting to over \$100,000.

The Princess METTERNICH, admirable woman, collected in Vienna, in two weeks, \$50,000 for the French relief fund, and then went at it again with the highest possible zest.

Mr. A. S. HATCH, of the banking house of FISK & HATCH, has for two years past devoted his Sunday afternoons to teaching a Bible class in the Howard Mission at the Five Points. The class is composed of about fifty young women, of from fifteen to eighteen, all well dressed, some elegantly and fashionably. This class shows the permanent influence of the mission. These girls were all gathered into the school from the poor and even vicious dwellings in the neighborhood. Many of them came in as little children, rescued from want. They now earn their own livelihood. They are in shops, warehouses, factories, binderies, printing-houses, and other establishments which abound in the city where young women are employed. Their tasty and elegant costumes are the earnings of their own labor. Some of them support their fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters. They have received a fine education at the expense of the mission, and their singing can not be excelled by any school in New York. Many of them are fine musicians, and earn their livelihood through that genteel accomplishment. Recently Mr. HATCH gave his pupils an elegant supper, with a choice bouquet at every plate.

The autobiography of Lord BROUGHAM covers only the first thirty-three years of his life. This will be a public disappointment, though the foundation of his fame was laid before he had reached that age. At eleven he had battled over a point of Latin with LUKE FRASER, his master at the Edinburgh High School; before thirteen, finished his school course; at sixteen, gained the prize offered by a German university for the best essay on the "Refraction of Light;" and at twenty-four, with JEFFREY and SYDNEY SMITH, founded the *Edinburgh Review*. It includes, also, the period when he first went to London as counsel in the matter of the disputed succession of the Dukedom of Roxburgh; and when he first gained political standing by his speech before the House of Lords, for certain merchants, on the "Orders in Council;" also his election to Parliament, and his famous speeches on Indian Reform, Catholic Emancipation, against flogging in the army, and to abolish slavery in the West Indies. His lordship is kind enough to admit, that when at college, and even after he had attained the age of twenty-five, he was fond of indulging in adventures of the most rollicking sort. His efforts, while in college, ran mainly in the direction of bell-handles, which he delighted to wring off, and of which he had a large and varied collection in one of his closets. On the occasion of a farewell banquet to HORNER, a young "Reviewer," on his leaving Edinburgh to settle in London, "we" (i. e., BROUGHAM and other literary lambs) "accompanied by the grave and most sedate HORNER (et al. twenty-five, or, to speak quite correctly, twenty-four years and seven months), sallied forth to the North Bridge, and then halted in front of Mr. MANDERSON the druggist's shop, where I, hoisted on the shoulders of the tallest of the company, placed myself on the top of the door-way, held on by the sign, and twisted off the enormous brazen serpent which formed the explanatory announcement of the business that was carried on within. I forget the end of the adventure, but I rather think the city guard exhibited unusual activity on that occasion, and that we had a hard run for it."



LADIES' SPRING WRAPPINGS.—[SEE PAGE 261.]

CLAREMONT, SURREY.

THE park and mansion of Claremont, the property of the Crown, situated close to the village of Esher, sixteen miles from London, will for the present be occupied by the Marquis of Lorne and his bride, Princess Louise. The park is three miles and a half in circuit, adjoining an open heathy common traversed by the

of Clive are inscribed above the portico. The first mansion on this ground was one built by Sir John Vanbrugh, the dramatist and architect, for himself, in the reign of Queen Anne. It was not like the cumbrous edifices he reared for others, which caused some wit to propose for his epitaph:

"Lie heavy on him, earth! for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee."

Vanbrugh, who had purchased this site, was con-

from the Claremont conservatories were sent to King George, in Hanover, by special couriers. The Duke of Newcastle, whose dwelling here was near his brother and ministerial colleague, Henry Pelham, of Esher Place, having departed from the world, Claremont was bought by Clive. After Clive's death, in 1774, his newly built mansion passed through the hands of Lord Galway and Lord Tyrconnel to those of Mr. Charles

tains several memorials of her, portraits of herself and her husband, of her tutors and friends, and even pictures of her favorite horses and dogs. The place belonging to the late King Leopold for his life, it was put at the disposal, in 1848, of the exiled royal family of France. King Louis Philippe and his consort, the late Queen Marie Amélie, here ended their days. It has since returned into the possession of the Crown.

CLAREMONT, SURREY, THE RESIDENCE OF PRINCESS LOUISE AND THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.



Portsmouth road. The grounds are very agreeably laid out; they contain some fine trees, a lake five acres in extent, and a small Gothic building, originally intended for a summer-house, but now called the Mausoleum of Princess Charlotte. The house, designed by Brown, was built for Lord Clive, the famous conqueror of Bengal, just a hundred years since, at a cost of £100,000. It is of brick, with stone dressings, and the arms

tent with a small brick house for his own residence. This was afterward sold to Holles, Earl of Clare, and more latterly Duke of Newcastle, from whose title it was named Clare-Mont. He added to Vanbrugh's building, and erected, to the westward, a castellated prospect-tower upon a mount. The grounds were laid out by Kent, a fashionable landscape gardener; Horace Walpole admired them vastly, and the pine-apples

Rose Ellis, the friend and literary correspondent of Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Ellis was visited here by Sir Walter, who here wrote some of his poems. The place was afterward sold to the Crown, which settled it on Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV., and her husband, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, subsequently made King of the Belgians. It was here that the Princess died, in November, 1817; and the house con-

SPRING WRAPPINGS.

See illustration on page 260.

Fig. 1.—GOLDEN BROWN LADIES'-CLOTH CASSAQUE, trimmed with silk of the same shade. The garment is half-fitting, with two hollow pleats behind. The bottom is cut in four deep points, two on each side. Half-fitting sleeve, with Greek cuffs. Two yards and a quarter of the material

are required for the garment, with a yard and a quarter of silk for trimming. Golden brown silk dress, trimmed with four flounces, set on with a heading. Over-skirt, forming a pouf behind and looped at the sides, trimmed to match the skirt.

Fig. 2.—BLACK SATIN OR VELVET CASAQUE, crossed in front in the Russian style. The bottom is cut in points at the sides, the front forming a rounded tablier. Half-pagoda sleeves, pointed at the bottom. Trimming of passementerie and guipure lace. Five yards and a half of satin or velvet and eight yards and three-quarters of guipure lace are required. Plain black satin or velvet dress.

Fig. 3.—HALF-FITTING PALETOT OF BLACK BARATHEA, with the bottom slightly curving inward at the sides. Pagoda sleeves, and collar with long points in front. The collar is trimmed with braid, and the sleeves and bottom with netted fringe. Two yards and a quarter of cloth and six and a half of fringe are required. Striped silk skirt, trimmed with a deep flounce and puffed heading. Over-skirt, trimmed with puffing.

Fig. 4.—SHORT VELVET JACKET, belted at the waist. Sailor collar, and chevron cuffs of faille. Fancy buttons up the front, reaching only to the belt. Three yards and a quarter of velvet and seven-eighths of a yard of faille are required. Lilac silk dress, trimmed with a deep flounce with pleated heading. Over-skirt trimmed to correspond.

Fig. 5.—HALF-FITTING SATIN OR VELVET MANTLE, with simulated sleeves and hood, trimmed with a satin ruche, which serves as a heading to guipure lace. Five yards and a half of satin or velvet, six yards and a half of guipure, and thirteen yards of satin ribbon for the ruche, are required. Silk dress, trimmed with a deep side-pleated flounce, with over-skirt slashed in the back, and trimmed with side pleating and fringe.

Fig. 6.—DRAB LADIES'-CLOTH DOUBLE-BREADED JACKET. Half-fitting waist, with narrow standing collar, and epaulets of velvet, and two rows of velvet buttons. Velvet pocket welts. Two yards and three-eighths of cloth and a yard and an eighth of velvet are required. Mohair dress, trimmed with bands of velvet ribbon.

ENDEAVOR.

A MOANING cry, as the world rolls by
Through gloom of cloud and glory of sky,
Rings in my ears forever;
And I know not what it profits a man
To plow and sow, to study and plan,
And reap the harvest never.
"Abide, in truth abide,"
Spake a low voice at my side,
"Abide thou, and endeavor."

And even though, after care and toil,
I should see my hopes from a kindly soil,
Though late, yet blossoming ever,
The prize were not worth the pain,
Perchance this fretting and wasting of brain
Wins its true guerdon never.
"Abide, in love abide,"
The tender voice replied,
"Abide thou, and endeavor."

"Strive, endeavor—it profits more
To fight and fail, than on Time's dull shore
To sit an idler ever;
For to him who bares his arm to the strife,
Firm at his post in the battle of life,
The victory faileth never.
Therefore in faith abide,"
The earnest voice still cried,
"Abide thou, and endeavor."

(Continued from No. 13, page 199.)

HANNAH.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER VII.

No harm had befallen baby. Hannah, flying up stairs on terror-winged feet that carried her she hardly knew how, found her treasure all safe, lying fast asleep, as warm and soft as a little bird in its nest, in the quiet nursery.

Grace was not there, and yet it was certainly Grace's voice she had heard. What could have happened? The uneasy fear that some time or other something uncomfortable might turn up concerning Jem Dixon was seldom long absent from Hannah's mind, though it was not strong enough to take away the comfort she had in her intelligent and faithful nurse.

Of course the whole household, as well as every household at Easterham, knew Grace's story. In such a small community concealment was impossible, even had Miss Thelluson wished it, which she did not. She had a great horror of secrets, and, besides, she felt that in this painful matter perfect openness was the safest course. Therefore, both to her servants and her neighbors, she had never hesitated to mention the thing, telling the plain story, accepting it as an inevitable misfortune, and then protecting Grace to the utmost by her influence—the influence which any lady can use, both with equals and inferiors, when she is, like Hannah, quite firm in her own mind, and equally fearless in expressing it. Whatever people said behind her back, before Hannah's face nobody breathed a word against the poor nurse, who cowered gratefully under the shelter of her mistress's kindness, and kept out of other people's way as much as possible.

In her class broken hearts are rare; working-women have not time to die of grief. But though Grace said little or nothing, often when she sat sewing, with Rosie playing at her feet, Hannah watched with pity the poor sad face, and thought

of the blighted life which nothing could ever restore. For, as has been said, Grace, brought up as little maid to the Misses Melville, had caught from them a higher tone of feeling and a purer morality, in great things and small, than, alas! is usually found among servants; and she suffered accordingly. Her shame, if shame it could be called, seemed to gnaw into her very heart. So did her separation from the children. How far she grieved for their father could not be guessed; she never named him, and, Hannah was certain, saw and heard nothing of him. But that scream, and a slight confusion which was audible down stairs, convinced her that something—probably the vague something she always feared—had happened: James Dixon had reappeared.

She went down stairs and found it so. In the servants' hall, the centre of an excited group—some frightened at him, some making game of him—stood a little, ugly-looking man, half drunk, but not too drunk to be incapable of taking care of himself, or knowing quite well what he was about. He held Grace tight round the waist with one hand, and brandished a kitchen carving-knife with the other, daring every body to come near him, which nobody did, until Mr. Rivers walked quietly up and took the knife out of his hand.

"James Dixon, what business have you in my house at this time of night?"

"I want my missis. I'm come to fetch my missis," stammered the man, drunkenly, still keeping hold of Grace, in spite of her violent struggles to get free.

"She isn't his missis," cried some one from behind. "Please, Sir, he married my cousin, Ann Bridges, only two months ago. He's always a-marrying somebody."

"But I don't like Ann Bridges, now I've got her. She's forever rating at me and beating the children; and I'm a fond father, as doesn't like to see his little 'uns ill used," added Jem, growing maudlin. "So I'd rather get rid of Ann, and take Grace back again."

When he spoke of the children Grace had given a great sob; but now, when he turned to her his red, drunken face, and wanted to kiss her, she shrank from him in disgust, and, making one struggle, wrenched herself free, and darted over to Mr. Rivers.

"Oh, please save me! I don't want to go back to him. I can't, Sir, you know." And then she appealed despairingly to her mistress.

"Did you hear what he said? That woman beats the children; I knew she would; and yet I can't go back. Miss Thelluson, you don't think I ought to go back?"

"Certainly not," said Hannah; and then her brother-in-law first noticed her presence.

"Pray go away," he whispered; "this is not a place for you. See, the man is drunk."

"I do not mind," she answered. "Just look at poor Grace. We must save her from him."

For Jem had again caught the young woman in his arms, where she lay, half fainting, not resisting at all, evidently frightened to death.

"This can not be endured," said Mr. Rivers, angrily. "Dixon, be off with you! Webb, Jacob, take him between you and see him clear out of the gate."

Butler and footman advanced, but their task was not easy. Dixon was a wiry little fellow, sharp as a ferret, even in his cups. He wriggled out of the men's grasp immediately, and tried again to snatch at the kitchen-knife.

"Hands off, mates; I'll go fast enough. It isn't much a fellow gets in this house. Grace wouldn't even give me a drop o' beer. I'll be off, Mr. Rivers; but I'll not stir a step without my wife—that's the young woman there. I married her in church, same as I did t'other woman, and I like her the best o' the two; so do the little ones. I promised them I'd fetch her back. You'll come, Grace, won't you? and I'll be so kind to you."

"Oh, Jem, Jem!" sobbed poor Grace, melted by the coaxing tone; but still she tried to get away, and cried imploringly to her master to release her from Dixon's hold. Mr. Rivers grew angry.

"Let the woman go, I say. You have not the smallest claim upon her, no more than she upon you. If she chooses to stay here she shall. Begone, before I set the police on you!"

"Do it if you dare, Sir," said Dixon, setting his back against the door. "I'll not stir a step without Grace; she's a pretty girl, and a nice girl, and I married her in church, too. I found a parson to do it, though you wouldn't."

"Your marriage is worth nothing; I told you so at the time. It was against the law, and the law does not recognize it. She is not your wife, and so, very rightly, she refuses to go back to you; and I, as magistrate, will protect her in this refusal. Let her go." And Mr. Rivers, following words by action, again shook off the fellow's grasp, and let the young woman free. "Now, Grace, get away up stairs, and let us put an end to this nonsense."

For, in spite of their respect for their master, the other servants seemed rather amused than not at this spectacle of a gentleman arguing with a drunken man for the possession of his wife; or, perhaps, some of them having as confused notions of the marriage laws as James Dixon, had thought Jem was rather hardly used, and ought to get Grace if he wanted. John, the butler, an old servant, even ventured to hint this, and that it was a pity to meddle between man and wife.

"Did I not say plainly that she is not his wife?" cried Mr. Rivers, in much displeasure. "A man can not marry his wife's sister. I am master here, and out of my house she shall not stir against her will. Grace, go up stairs immediately with Miss Thelluson."

Then Dixon's lingering civility and respect for the clergy quite left him. He squared up at Mr. Rivers in drunken rage.

"You're a nice parson, you are. Mind your own business, and I'll mind mine. Your own hands bean't so very clean, I reckon. Some folk 'ud say mine were the cleanest o' the two."

"What do you mean, you scoundrel? Speak out, or I'll take you by the neck and shake you like a rat."

For Mr. Rivers was a young man, and his passions were up; and Dixon looked so very like a rat, with his glittering, hungry eyes, and a creeping way he had till he showed his teeth and sprung upon you. Hannah wondered how on earth poor, pretty Grace could ever have been persuaded to marry him. But no doubt it was like so many marriages, the mere result of circumstance, and for the sake of the children. "If ever I could marry that man, it would be for the sake of his children," said once a very good woman; and though men are probably too vain to believe it, many another good woman may have felt the same.

"What do I mean, Sir?" said Dixon, with a laugh; "oh, you knows well enough what I mean, and so do your servants there, and so does all Easterham. There bean't much to choose betwixt you and me, Mr. Rivers, if all tales be true."

"What tales?" said Bernard, slowly, turning white, though he still held his ground, and deliberately faced the man. For all his servants were facing him, and on more than one countenance was a horrid kind of smile, the smile with which, in these modern days, when the old feudal reverence seems so mournfully wearing off, the kitchen often views the iniquities of the parlor.

"What tales?" "Of course it isn't true, Sir—or else it doesn't matter—gentlefolks may do any thing they likes. But people do say, Mr. Rivers, that you and I row in the same boat; only I was honest enough to marry my wife's sister, and you—wasn't. That's all!"

It was enough. Brief as the accusation was put, there was no mistaking it, or Dixon's meaning in it. Either Mr. Rivers had not believed the man's insolence would go so far, or was unaware of the extent to which the scandal had grown; but he stood, for the moment, perfectly paralyzed. He neither looked to one side nor the other—to Hannah, who had scarcely taken it in, or to the servants, who had taken it in only too plainly. Twice he opened his lips to speak, and twice his voice failed. At last he said, in a voice so hollow and so unlike his own that every body started:

"It is a lie! I declare, before God and all now present, that what this man says against me is a foul, damnable lie!"

He uttered the ugly words as strongly and solemnly as he was accustomed to read such out of the Bible in his pulpit at church. They sent a thrill through every listener, and sobered even the drunken man. But Jem soon saw his advantage, and took it.

"Lie or not, Sir, it looks just the same, and folks believe it all the same. When a poor man takes a young woman into his house, and either marries her or wants to, what an awful row you kick up about it! But when a gentleman does it—oh dear! it's quite another thing!"

Mr. Rivers almost ground his teeth together; but still no words came except the repetition of those four, "It is a lie!"

"Well, if it is, Sir, it looks uncommon queer, any how. For a young lady and a young gentleman to live together, and be a-going out and a-coming home together; and when we meets 'em, as I did a bit ago, not exactly a-going straight home, but a-walking and a-whispering together in the dark—'twas them, sure, for the lady had got a red hood on, and she's got it on still."

Hannah put up her hand to her head. Until this moment, confused and bewildered, and full of pity for unfortunate Grace, she had scarcely understood the scandal with regard to herself. Now she did. Plain as light—or, rather, black as darkness—she saw all that she was accused of, all that she had innocently laid herself open to, and from which she must at once defend herself. How?

It was horrible! To stand there and hear her good name taken away before her own servants, and with her brother-in-law close by! She cast a wild appealing look to him, as if he could protect her; but he took no notice—scarcely seemed to see her. Grace only—poor, miserable Grace—stole up to her and caught her hand.

"It is a lie, miss—and Jem knows it is! You mustn't mind what he says."

And then another of the women-servants—an under-house-maid to whom she had been specially kind—ran across to her, beginning to cry. Oh, the humiliation of those tears!

Somebody must speak. This dreadful scene must be ended.

"Sister Hannah," said Mr. Rivers, at length recovering himself, and speaking in his natural manner, but with grave and pointed respect, "will you oblige me by taking Grace up stairs? Webb and Jacob, remove this fellow from my house immediately; or else, as I said, we must fetch the police."

Mr. Rivers had great influence when he chose to exercise it, especially with his inferiors. His extraordinarily sweet temper, his tender consideration for other people's feelings, his habit of putting himself in their place—the lowest and most degraded of them, and judging them mercifully, as the purest-hearted always do judge—these things stood him in good stead, both in his household and his parish. Besides, when a mild man once gets thoroughly angry, people know he means it, and are frightened accordingly.

Either Dixon felt some slight remorse, or dreaded the police, for he suffered himself to be conveyed quietly outside, and the gate locked upon him, without making more ado than a few harmless pullings of the garden bell. These at last subsided, and the household became quiet. Quiet, after such a scene! As if it were pos-

sible! Retiring was a mere form. The servants sat up till midnight, gossiping gloriously over the kitchen fire. Hannah heard them where she, too, sat, wide awake, in the dreadful silence and solitude of her own room.

She had gone up stairs with Grace, as bidden; and they had separated, without exchanging a word, at the nursery door. For the first time in her life Hannah went to bed without taking one watchful, comforting look, one kiss of her sleeping darling. She went to bed in a mechanical, stunned way; for though it was still quite early, she never thought of rejoining her brother-in-law. She heard him moving up and down the house for an hour or more, even after that cruel clamor of tongues in the kitchen was silent; but to meet him again that night never struck her as a possibility. What help, what comfort, could he be to her?—he who was joined with her in this infamous slander? Henceforth, instead of coming to him for protection, she must avoid him as she would the plague.

"Oh, what have I done, and how have I erred, that all this misery should fall upon me?" moaned poor Hannah, as bit by bit she realized her position—the misinterpretations that might be put upon her daily conduct, even as upon tonight's walk across the hill. Perhaps what Dixon said was true—that all Easterham was watching her and speaking evil of her? Was this the meaning of Lady Rivers's dark hints—of the eager desire to get her married to Mr. Morecomb—of the falling off of late in social civilities—a certain polite coldness in houses where her visits used to be welcomed—a gradual cessation of lady visitors at the House on the Hill? As all these facts came back upon her mind, fitting into one another, as unpleasant facts do, when one once fancies one has got the key to them, Hannah groaned aloud, feeling as if she could lay her down and die. It had all come so suddenly. She had gone on her way in such happy unsuspectingness. Yes! now she recognized, with mingled wonder and—was it terror also?—how very happy she had been. There seemed nothing left for her but to lay her down and die.

Every body knows the story of the servant lamenting his master's dying innocent, to whom the master said, "Would you have me die guilty?" Nevertheless, it is hard to die, even when innocent. No bitterer hour ever came to Hannah, or was likely to come, than that first hour after a bad man's wicked words had forced from Mr. Rivers the declaration—which in itself, and in his ever feeling it incumbent upon himself to make it, was disgrace enough—"It is a lie!"

Of course it was; and any friend who really knew them both would be sure of that. But what of the world at large—the careless world, that judges from hearsay—the evil world, which is always so quick to discover, so ready to gloat over, any thing wrong? And there must be something wrong, some false position, some oversight in conduct, some unfortunate concatenation of circumstances, to make such a lie possible.

"Be thou chaste as ice, pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." Most true; but the calumny is rarely altogether baseless—some careless, passing hand may have smutched the snow, or the ice have let itself be carried too near the fire. Hannah remembered now, wondering she could have forgotten it so long, Lady Dunsmore's warning: "He is not your brother; it is only a social fiction that makes him so." And if Bernard Rivers and she were not brother and sister, if there was no tie of blood between them, nothing that, if he had not been Rosa's husband first, would have prevented their marrying—why, then, she ought not to have gone and lived with him. The chain of argument seemed so plain, that in thinking it out Hannah suddenly began to tremble—nay, she actually shuddered; but, strange contradiction! it was not altogether a shudder of pain.

Fictions, social and otherwise, may have their day, when both the simple and the cunning accept them. But it is not a day which lasts forever. By-and-by they tumble down, like all other shams; and the poor heart who had dwelt in them is cast out, bare and shelterless, to face the bitter truth as best it may.

Hannah's was the most innocent heart possible—strangely so for a woman who had lived, not ignorantly, in the world for thirty years. Whatever mistake she had fallen into—under whatever delusion she had wrapped herself—it was all done as unknowingly, as foolishly, as if she had been a seven-years-old child. But that did not hinder her from suffering like a woman—a woman who, after a long dream of peace, wakes up to find she has been sleeping on the edge of a precipice.

That pleasant fiction which had been torn down by the rough hands of James Dixon, opened her eyes to its corresponding truth, that Nature herself sets bounds to the association of men and women—certainly of young men and young women—and that, save under very exceptional circumstances, all pseudo-relationships are a mistake. Two people, who are neither akin by blood nor bound in wedlock, can seldom, almost never, live together in close and affectionate friendship without this friendship growing to be something less or something more. The thing is abnormal, and against nature; and Nature avenges herself by asserting her rights and exacting her punishments.

The law says to people in such positions—to brothers and sisters in law especially—"You shall not marry." But it can not say, "You shall not love." It can not prevent the gradual growth of that fond, intimate affection which is the surest basis of married happiness. Suppose—Hannah put the question to herself with frightened conscience—suppose, instead of that tender friendship which undoubtedly existed between them, she and Bernard had really fallen in love with one another?